

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 4.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1804.

[WHOLE No. 108.]

THE DRUID.

A TALE.

[From the Tales of Imagination.]

WHEN the all-conquering sword of the Romans had penetrated into the southern part of Wales, and ensanguined the hostile plain with the blood of her most distinguished heroes, MODRED, the sage, sought a retreat from the desolating rage of war. He was a Druid, renowned for his piety and wisdom; yet he had lived to see the holy altar besprinkled with the blood of its priests, and the sacred groves polluted by the crimes of a licentious soldiery.

The asylum he chose was a spacious cave, divided by the hand of nature into a variety of apartments. An obscure path led to it by a gentle descent, and by a variety of intricate windings seemed to pronounce it inaccessible, but to those whom the friendly hand of the Druid guided: thus sequestered, it formed a retreat for innocence and virtue.

Here the tender virgin fled to escape violation, and the modest matron insult; and here the widow and the fatherless sought protection and consolation:—here too the hardy veteran, covered with wounds, oftentimes repaired from the battle, and, healed by the sage's pi-

ous care, returned with renewed strength and vigor to the fight. Every morn and eve Modred was seen prostrate beneath a venerable grove of oak, which graced the side of a hill, that rose at a small distance from his habitation; there he erected the sacred altar, and, agreeably to the custom of his revered ancestors, laid on it the sacred oblation of meal. Thus passed his days, in prayer, contemplation, and acts of benevolence. His drink was from a clear streamlet, that distilled from a rock out of which his rude dwelling was formed, and his food salubrious herbs, which grew within the precincts of his habitation. Such was Modred, the Druid; in whom the simplicity of childhood and the wisdom of old age were observed to unite.

One day, having wandered beyond the bounds he usually prescribed himself, in pursuit of medicinal herbs, he observed the ground to be distained with several drops of blood, and, perceiving, a few paces farther, that it widened into a tract of considerable dimensions, his humanity prompted him to follow it. It led him to a spot of ground, on which a person in armor laid extended: he appeared to be in a swoon, and, his beaver being up, Modred could discern that he was in the flower of his age.

The Druid perceived by his armor that he belonged to the Roman army;

but compassion for the helpless state in which he beheld him caused him at that instant to forget all animosity; he raised him in his arms, and applied a sovereign cordial, that he always carried about him, to his lips, a few drops of which greatly revived him, but he was nevertheless so extremely exhausted, from loss of blood, that he in vain attempted to rise upon his feet. Modred, finding the stranger incapable of rising without other assistance than he was able to give, hastened back to the cavern, and returned with all speed, accompanied by Guiderius.

Guiderius was the most valiant of all the British youths who fearless lifted the sword in defence of liberty. Nature had formed his person in her most perfect mould, and given to his manners a polish which art often denies to her most favored votaries. His courage had been manifest in many battles which he had fought with the common enemy, and it was united with clemency and generosity. By the assistance of this youth the stranger was supported to Modred's cavern; but, as he was a Roman, they first took the precaution to blindfold him, lest, being an enemy, he should make observations relative to the situation of the place, which might hereafter prove to their disadvantage.

Having conducted him into the cavern, they took the bandage from his eyes, unbraced his armor, and laid him

THE VISITOR,

on a couch of the softest moss; the Druid then examined his wounds, which he found by cure might speedily be healed, and applying to them some herbs, which he knew to be of the most sovereign efficacy, left him awhile to his repose. An hour being elapsed, he renewed his visit, and found the stranger so much recovered by the remedies applied to his wounds, together with a gentle sleep, from which, on Modred's entrance, he awoke, that he was able, in a faint voice, to enquire into whose hands he had fallen; but, presently recollecting they were Britons, he testified by his countenance that he expected little mercy at their hands.

The Druid, guessing at what passed in his mind, endeavored to dispel his apprehensions. "Youth, (said he) you are in the hands of those whom your nation call barbarians; but, though strangers to the specious arts used by civilized nations to gloss over the basest designs, the Britons are not unacquainted with the virtues of hospitality and humanity. They love victory, but they delight not in blood: dispel your fears therefore, and rest assured that, while you remain in the cave of Modred, the Druid, you shall be secure from danger or insult."

The Roman was much struck with this unexpected generosity, though he could not help giving it a thought, whether this behavior might not be assumed to conceal more hostile designs; but, as with true Roman fortitude, he was prepared to meet the best or worst strokes of fortune with an equal mind, he suffered it not to affect the composure which, in his present state, was necessary to his recovery.

In the morning, the Druid found his guest wonderfully recovered, who informed him, that he was an officer in the Roman army; that he had left the camp, which was stationed within a day's march of that place, in company with five others of the troop; their design being, he confessed, to make discoveries concerning the state of the enemy; but his men being, as he imagined, suborned by a brother-officer, between whom and himself there had been some trifling difference, they had basely turned their arms against him, and left him for dead on the spot where the Druid first discovered him. He expressed the warmest acknowledgements

for the kind treatment he had received, and, at Modred's request, followed him to the outer part of the cave, where a number of persons, of different sex and age, were assembled, being that morning returned from sacrifice.

Among these, the superior beauty of the fair Elsimena arrested the attention of the young Roman. Her stature arose considerably above her companions, and, like her features, was formed with the most exact symmetry; a thousand beauties played round her mouth: her cheek disclosed a tincture pure as the opening rose; and her hair, which, to use the language of the poet, was "crisp'd like golden wire," floated over her shoulders in all the wild negligence of nature. From the playful hours of infancy, Elsimena had known no other parent than Modred; to his care a mother's dying breath had bequeathed her, and the pious sage religiously discharged the sacred trust reposed in him. He watched over her with the attention and care of a fond parent, and received from Elsimena the grateful return of filial tenderness and obedience. Guiderius had long resigned his heart at the shrine of Elsimena's beauty, nor was the fair maid insensible of his merit; on the contrary, Guiderius held her affections captive. She burnt with an equal flame, and a short period was to see them united.

Guiderius, not without uneasiness, beheld his mistress exposed to the rapturous gaze of the young Roman.—He observed that her charms touched his soul, and feared his noble mien and gallant deportment might cause Elsimena to draw between them a comparison not to his own advantage; but these modest apprehensions were dissipated, when he observed the coolness and reserve which she replied to his civilities, and how solicitous she was to disengage herself from his conversation. Claudius, (for that was the name of the Roman) became every moment more enamored of Elsimena. In the simple attire of a British maid, his heart confessed that she eclipsed the fairest Roman; but he had the mortification to find that she was insensible to every thing he could urge in behalf of his passion, and that her heart was solely devoted to Guiderius.

Three days insensibly glided away, which the enamored Claudius, happy in the presence of Elsimena, thought no more than as so many hours; but the Druid, finding him restored to his former vigor, reminded him that it was time to depart. "We have now (said Modred) discharged the debt which humanity exacted from us in your behalf: we have received you beneath our roof, and the sacred laws of hospitality, which we revere, forbid us to exert to your disadvantage that power which we derive not from the strength of our arms or the chance of war, but by the private calamity of our enemy. But now, that you no longer claim our suffrance, it is time that you depart, since we can no longer entertain you but as the enemy of our country, the base enslaver of our rights and liberties: as such, a Briton cannot without reproach hold amicable converse with you."

The young Roman expressed the highest sense of the Druid's generosity, and lamented that he was constrained to bear arms against a country to which he was indebted for his life, and, what was still dearer, his liberty.

While Claudius thus expressed himself, the Druid tied a bandage over his eyes, in the same manner as when he first brought him to the cave, and then, with a generosity scarcely to be paralleled, consigned him to the care of Guiderius, who waited to conduct him in safety to the place where they found him.

During the time that Claudius was entertained in the cave of Modred, the Britons having received intelligence that the Romans were on their march to attack them, were making great preparations for a vigorous defence. On the third day the armies encamped within sight of each other, and on the morning of the fourth were drawn up in order for battle.

Elsimena having, with an aching heart, received the farewell of her beloved Guiderius, retired to the pious Druid, who, beneath the covert of a consecrated grove, (which, as it stood on a rising ground, commanded a distant view of the plain where the two armies were to engage) offered sacrifice to the gods for the success of the British arms.

(To be continued.)

DRESS OF THE EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

(From Niebuhr's Travels.)

IT is more difficult for a traveller to become acquainted with the dress of the Egyptian women than with that of the man in the East. So far from being permitted to enter the *harem*, a stranger must not even see a Mahometan lady in her own house.

It is impossible to observe their dress, when one meets them in the street: for the Mussulmans think it extreme indiscretion, or even an insult, to look with an eye of curiosity upon a woman in the street. Besides, they wrap themselves so closely up, when they go abroad, that it would be vain to attempt to distinguish the different parts of their dress. At Constantinople, when they appear in the street, they have so much white linen about them, that nothing but the eyes of the walking mummies can be seen. At Cairo, they conceal the head, and a part of the body, with a large black veil; and their rich habits are covered with a sort of large wrapper of plain linen, which they put off, when they enter the apartments of their friends.

As I never had any opportunity of seeing a lady of distinction, I must confess my ignorance upon this head, and refer the reader to Lady Mary Wortley Montague's admirable Letters. She was admitted into many harems, and had opportunities of seeing women of rank in full dress. She has been suspected of exaggerating the beauty, magnificence and politeness of the ladies of the East. But I know, from what I have seen and heard, that her descriptions are true. She has indeed confined herself chiefly to what merited praise about those ladies, while other travellers have spoken only of their defects. But, whatever may be said of the truth of her relation, I can only speak of the dress of the lower classes of women, and make some general remarks.

All the women in the East wear drawers, even where the men do not wear breeches. The poorer sort wear nothing but those drawers, and a long blue shirt. But, although in this manner half-naked, they all, without exception, wear veils.

The veil seems to be the most im-

portant piece of their dress: their chief care is always to hide their face. There have been many instances of women, who, upon being surprised naked, eagerly covered their faces, without shewing any concern about their other charms. The Egyptian peasants never give their daughters shirts till they are eight years of age. We often saw little girls running about quite naked, and gazing at us as we passed: None, however, had her face uncovered; but all wore veils. The veil, so indispensable a piece of dress with the female sex, is a long, triangular piece of linen cloth, fixed to the head, and falling down before, so as to cover the whole face, except the eyes.

In some provinces, especially in Syria, the women wear a sort of silver or lackered hat, shaped like a cone, a platter, or some other fantastic form. The Arabian women, in Egypt and in the desert, wear a number of singular ornaments; large metal rings in their ears or noses; others, of the same kind, upon their legs, immediately above the ankle, and upon their arms, as bracelets; on their fingers, small rings of little value; pieces of coral hung about their faces; and necklaces of all sorts. They sometimes hang small bells to the tresses of their hair; and the young girls fix them to their feet. Some fancy themselves highly adorned by the impression of indelible blue marks, by punctures upon the cheeks, the chin, and the other parts of the body. Some paint their hands yellow, and their nails red, fancying these whimsical colorings irresistible charms.

The dress of the Greek women is not materially different from that of the Turkish. As Europeans occasionally marry wives out of Greek families, we have frequent opportunities of seeing in what manner they dress; and, by this means, we are enabled to form some idea of the Mahometan women of rank.

All the Greek ladies wear drawers reaching to their feet; the lower part of their dress is indeed nearly the same as that of the men; and they walk, like them, in large slippers. Over the drawers, they wear a shirt of fine linen, and, over it, a vest, bound with a girdle of considerable breadth. Over the vest is a habit, or pellice with short

sleeves, not stretching more than a span under the shoulder. The head-dress varies with the caprice of fashion; and they are, if possible, more attentive to it than even our European ladies.—Nay, some of these head-dresses appeared to me more elegant than those worn in Europe; their dress has at least something more rich and splendid in its appearance. But, to view those Eastern beauties with admiration, we must view them on their sophas; when they move, their graces disappear.—Being accustomed to sit cross-legged, and to wear a sort of thin leather boots, in wide slippers, they walk very awkwardly. European ladies, living in Turkey, use shoes, even though dressed, in other respects, like the women of the East. But it is easy to distinguish, by their walking, whether they are accustomed to sit cross-legged, or continue to use chairs. At Constantinople, the ladies have carriages, but seldom use them. The Turkish carriages resemble ours externally, only they are without doors, and have wooden blinds instead of sashes of glass; you enter by a ladder, placed to the back of the carriage. Within, instead of seats, are carpets, on which the Turks squat themselves.

FORCED MATCH.

MR. JEREMY WHITE, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but, in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look out, promising, if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver in a rage hastened to the chamber; and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in

a fury, asked, what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter, Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness! I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell; "call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother parson came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

GOLDEN RULES

FOR A MAN TO LIVE ALL THE DAYS OF HIS LIFE.

THE present pleasures produced by a large expense of money, by no means balance the future miseries of a wasted patrimony, dissipated fortunes, and a decayed constitution.

There is reason for us to make a reserve of property against the day of decrepitude; because in old age, we want chiefly those comforts which only money can procure: a comfortable house, delicate living, and a little share of authority, which, in the last stage of life, are exceedingly soothing and acceptable.

Perhaps society cannot show a more pitiable figure, than either a very old man or woman, who having spent their substance in the flattering gaities of youth, are reduced, in the most helpless situation, to live upon accidental

strokes of generosity, and to be at once ridiculed and relieved.

If an old person expects to receive the least degree of attention from the world in general, or even from his relations in particular, it must be by the force of happy circumstances in his favor; such, for instance, as arise out of a fortune accumulated by the industry or ingenuity of youth. This will render the veteran respectable amongst his domestics, and make even his utmost infirmities supportable. Whereas, if an old man has no testimonies of his economy to show, he will crowd contemptuously about the world, be upbraided for his former prodigality; even by his own children, who having no hopes, will consider him as an incumbrance; and wanting the various attentions which are necessary to the accommodation of the last scene, his continuance in the family will be irksome—his life must be supported by the contribution of the charitable, and he must die unmourned. Keep a competent share of the staff in thine hand.

The same principle of prudence which makes it necessary for a man to provide against the wants and infirmities of age, should prevail with a man to provide against the wants and infirmities of distemper. Let the sick man rather depend on the panacea of his purse, than on the pity of his physician.

A very healthy person is very soon reduced to his chamber—and we are all liable to the most nauseous disorders. It often happens that a stout young man, in the very vigor of existence, is brought to such a state as to depend on the servitude of another for assistance in those very points which, in a state of health, he would blush to make known to a second person. If these feeblenesses continue for any length of time, nothing but the power of paying our attendants well can make them be done cheerfully, if at all. A sick spendthrift is therefore a horrid spectacle—his servants become negligent—his physician gives him now and then a call upon the score of humanity—and, what is worse than all, he rebukes himself for having squandered, in the hour of superfluity, what should have been reserved for the moment of exigence.

Art thou rich? Place then circum-

spection as a sentinel over thy passions—lest that which thou possessest become a prey to artifice!

Art thou poor? Be industry thy guard—lest thou should want the bread of life—and in wanting that, the path will lead thee, per adventure, to the pits of misery and destruction. Condescend not to be the object either of pity or charity, whilst thou hast limbs to toil, imagination to suggest, or health to perform. Liberty is independence, and slavery is a state of pecuniary obligation. Get honestly, and give cautiously.—Whoso putteth in practice these rules, shall certainly *Live all the days of his life.*

[For the WEEKLY VISITOR.]

THOUGHTS ON SEDUCTION.

WHERE is the individual so hardened in guilt, whose mind, callous to every generous, every manly virtue; who, for the gratification of one short hour, would entail endless misery on her, who, trusting in his asseverations of honor, his every profession of eternal regard, yields to him her every claim to rectitude! Is there a man deliberate enough in villainy, to make a system of seduction? If there is, may "every honest hand contain a whip, to lash the rascal naked thro' the world." "O God that it should come to this," must she the fairest of her sex; to whom nature has been unusually prodigal both in the endowments of the mind, and external charms—she, to whom a tale of sorrow is a sufferance—who flies with pleasure to the relief of virtuous mendicancy—who has "a tear for pity," and an hand "open for melting charity," must she, I say, fall a prey to premeditated injury!—Where she had "garner'd up her hope" to meet her deadliest foe? What plea in extenuation for a crime so heinous, can be offered!—Can the mind of him who has thus gone counter to every sentiment of honor enjoy repose? Will not his conscience prove a troublesome guest? Will it not show to his "mind's eye," her, who but for him would be happy as she was wont, friendless and unprotected—torn from all she ever held most dear—bereft of home and friends—and, from the decree of a stern parent, a wretched wanderer in a wretched world?—Can the seducer

govern that unerring principle of the mind—will it not prove peremptory and drag the offender still further on? shall he not behold the once lovely fair one, a *foor maniac*, uttering in the phrenzy of delirium, imprecations against her base betrayer, and calling on offended deity for retribution?

Where, in moments like these, will the destroyer of innocence fly for comfort—Repentance comes too late for reparation, and the offender must stand self accused.

C.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF MODERATION.

PLATO said to one of his slaves who had committed a fault, I would certainly punish you, would my anger permit me.—An insolent fellow meeting Diogenes, spat in his face. A by-stander said to him, Now I am certain you are angry. No, replied he, I was only considering whether I ought to be so.—Adolphus, count of Nassau, newly raised to the empire, sent a very injurious letter to Philip the Handsome, king of France; the king, who was remarkable for his moderation, sent no other answer by the messenger than these few words, on a sheet of paper in the form of a letter, "Too much in the German style."—Don Lopes de Acuna arming himself in haste to go to battle, told two of his servants who were dressing him for the occasion, to fix his burganet [a Spanish helmet or head-piece] in a better manner, for that it greatly pained his ear: they answered him, they could not fix it better: and as he was in a hurry to depart, in order to share the glory of the combat, which was bloody, he set off without farther altercation. On his return, he took off the burganet, and showed his ear hanging by a string, which the helmet had cut, and spoke to them in the following mild manner: "Did I not tell you that you had not fixed it right?"

FEMALE COURAGE.

WITH respect to courage, the author of *L'Apologie de beau Sexe*

relates a story, which if true, has seldom been equalled by man. A servant girl of Lisle, remarkable for her fearless disposition, laid a wager, that she would go into a charnel-house, at midnight, without a light, and bring from thence a dead man's skull. Accordingly at the time appointed, she went; but the person with whom she had made the bet, intending to terrify her, had gone before, and hid himself in the place. When he heard her descend and take up the skull, he called out, in a hollow, dismal voice, "Leave me my head!" The girl, instead of discovering any symptoms of horror or fright, very coolly laid it down, and said "Well there it is, then!" and took up another; upon which the voice again repeated. "Leave me my head!" But the heroic girl, observing it was the same voice that had called before, answered in her country dialect, "Nes, nes, friend, yo' cannot ha' two heads?"

MAHOMETAN CREED.

A CATECHISM has lately been printed at Constantinople for the instruction of children educated in the Mahometan religion. It forms a copious commentary on the tenets of Islamism. The principal articles to which the young Musselman is required to give his assent, are comprised in the following declarations:—"I believe in the books which have been delivered from Heaven to the prophets. In this manner was the Koran given to Mahomet, the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalter to David, and the Gospel to Jesus.—I believe in the Prophets, and the Miracles which they performed. Adam was the first Prophet, and Mahomet the last.—I believe that for the space of fifty thousand years, the righteous shall repose under the shade of the terrestrial paradise; and that the wicked shall be exposed naked to the burning rays of the sun.—I believe in the bright Sirat, which passes over the bottomless pit of Hell: It is as fine as a hair, and sharp as a sabre. All must pass over it, and the wicked shall be thrown off.—I believe in the water pools of Paradise.—Each of the Prophets has, in Paradise a bason for his own use; the water is whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey. On the ridges of the pools are vessels to drink out of, and they are bordered with stars.—I believe in Heaven and Hell. The inhabitants of the

former know no want, and the Houris who attend them, are never afflicted with sickness. The floor of Paradise is musk, the stones are silver, and the cement gold. The damned are on the contrary, tormented with fire, and by voracious and poisonous animals."

ELEGANT EPISTLE.

The following elegant *morceau* we insert literally from the *original*. The *dying lover* is an opulent and respectable *blue dyer* of Manchester.

"DEAR love—with a sorrowful hart I take up my pen to write to one which as disturbed, the peace of my mind, but should you know think of Acting that honourable part which i think of doing with you that is making you a happy wife next sunday morning as i ham certain it will be a happy change for both you and i should be exgaped Place to hang some thing out at your black window white but if the contrary some thing Black which i will return the same as i wish this to be a signal conclusion Pray excuse my name as I never did fine it in a line of this sort if excepted i will come streat in at your door at 1 o'clock to morrow thursday noon it is know in your power to kill or cure you know i have waited know on you above 4 years i cannot for sham show my face nor have i been out this day from your sincere and Affectionate Lover a trew Colour."

TRIFLES.

An article in a late Baltimore paper, announcing a person's decease, says, "his manes were committed to that bourne whence no traveller returns," attended by his friends!

A banker had two sons—one of whom was extremely dissipated, and dressed in the *pink of fashion*—the other was domestic, and strictly attended to the banking business;—which peculiarities occasioned a wag to name the first *count* and the other *discount*.

A Paris paper says, "The Americans and English educate their children in the fear of God, and the love of money."

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The Visitor.

SATURDAY, October 27, 1864.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 56 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 9—affection of the brain 1—apoplexy 1—cancer 1—convulsions 3—debility 1—dropsy 1—dropsy in the head 2—dysentary 3—bilious fever 1—nervous fever 3—remittent fever 3—scarlet fever 3—fever typhus 1—flux 4—hives 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—intemperance 1—locked jaw 1—mortification 1—peripneumony 1—pleurisy 1—small pox 6—malignant sore throat 1—suicide, (in a fit of insanity) 1—teething 1—whooping cough 1—worms 2—Total 56.

Of the above 16 were men—10 women, 16 boys, and 14 girls.

Of the whole number 10 were of and under the age of one year—11 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—4 between 5 and 10—2 between 10 and 20—10 between 20 and 30—9 between 30 and 40—5 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—1 between 60 and 70.

(From the Albany Centinel.)

A medical spring has very lately been discovered in the Society of Pharsalia, or the twelfth of the Unadilla towns in the county of Chenango, which bids fair to rival, very shortly, the most celebrated of those which have yet been discovered in America. We are assured, from unquestionable authority, that the waters have been applied successfully to St. Anthony's Fire, Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism and Salt Rheum.—Physicians who have been consulted with a view to a chymical analysis of its properties, pronounce it to be an alternative of the most promising aspect. It is said that the gentlemen who have the good fortune to own the spring, are preparing baths and other accommodations for the invalids who may visit it, which added to the circumstances of its being accessible to within a few miles, through the middle and Catskill turnpikes, promises extensive utility and great private emolument.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE PROMENADE DRESSES.

1. Round dress of white muslin, made high round the bosom, with a lace frill; long sleeves. A pink and white shawl of clear muslin. A gipsy hat of straw or chip, tied under the chin with pink ribbands; a rose in front.—2. Dress of white muslin, with lace tucker. Scarf shawl of clear muslin, lined with purple. Small straw hat, turned up all round, and tied under the chin with purple ribbands; flowers in front.

NINE HEAD DRESSES.

1. A bonnet of black silk, trimmed with purple; short black lace veil.—2. A cap of white muslin, ornamented with pink bows.—3. A morning cap of white lace, with a purple Barcelona handkerchief pinned over the back part, and then under the chin.—4. A white beaver hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with a flower.—5. A dress hat of white silk, trimmed with purple; a purple and white ostrich feather in front.—6. A conversation hat of straw, lined and tied under the chin within with purple.—7. A small straw hat trimmed with purple; feather of the same color in front.—8. An obi hat, tied under the chin with pink ribband.—9. A small bonnet of white satin, turned up on one side and ornamented with a white flower.—

OBSERVATIONS.

The most fashionable colors are purple, lilac, pink and blue. Straw hats are still universally worn, as are scarf cloaks, lined with colored silks. The picquet or leno muslins, worn over colored silk, and trimmed with lace, are much approved for dresses.

PARISIAN FASHIONS OF AUGUST.

LADIES.—Muslins and crapes of the colors of white amaranth, and lilac, are much worn in dresses which continue to be made with little intermission like *chemises*, fastened round the waist with cords of silk, or as frocks, lacing or buttoning behind down to the bottom of the skirt; instead of lace they are

trimmed with broad white net round the sleeves, neck and bottom. No trains are worn; the gorgeousness of the stately name of *haut ton*, is now exchanged for the light and aerial costume of the *petit figurante*. The petticoats are always of silk, and short; the bosom is much exposed, except in the morning, when are worn handkerchiefs with a collar resembling a shirt, composed of lace, white crape, or net, the collar trimmed with lace, buttons round the neck, with a band of rows of small beads of unwrought gold, which fasten in front with a round ornament of topaz, or cornelian, or a well finished medallion, or even a small portrait. The ear-rings are very large; flowers are used on the head, or small hats of white silk, decorated with flowers composed of little white or pink bugles. Clear muslin shawls are used, embroidered with crewels round the borders, with large wreaths of scarlet, or blue flowers, and spotted with the same colors all over; a sort of beautiful cloak has just been discovered, like a rich star in the hemisphere of fashion, composed of white lace; Madame Recamier has just brought it into vogue, it is fastened tastefully over one shoulder, with a red or white rose composed of cornelian, the shape beneath appears to much advantage.

GENTLEMEN.—Brown coats are as much the ton among the Parisian *beaux* as among those of Bond-street. The peach-colored cassimere breeches that have lately been so much in vogue, have given way to a greenish buff. Nankeen garters at Paris are entirely out of fashion. It is only in the morning that garters are worn, and then they ought to be of black cloth, or of green or grey cotton. Boots are entirely exploded.

An inhabitant of Pau, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, in France, has discovered a method by which the Sun may be examined without injuring the sight. He has himself examined it, and through the same medium has shown it to others. It turns incessantly on its axis, and the parts of its surface are more brilliant, the remote they are from its poles, so that its equator is the most splendid part. It revolves with rapidity beyond calculation, but which is supposed to be about a hundred times in a minute. Picot the astronomer, who has made this discovery, is persuaded

that this very rapid rotation of the Sun furnishes a simple and more natural explanation of the movements of the planetary world. He proposes the following, as a theory for the consideration of abler men: "As the Sun revolves with great velocity, it must give motion to a quantity of ether through a distance proportionate to its density, its magnitude, and, above all, to the rapidity of its transition; this distance must consequently extend far beyond the Georgium Sidus of Herschel.

"The circular movement which the ether must necessarily make, must communicate itself to the planets, the atmosphere of which it surrounds;—and as the motion of the ether must be the more rapid, the nearer it is to the Sun, first—That the planets will be driven round the Sun with a velocity, which will be in the inverse ratio of their distance. Second—That as the atmosphere of each planet will be acted upon by a movement more rapid on the side which is next to the Sun, that on that which is opposite, the planets must make revolutions in themselves, presenting successively the whole circumference of their orbs to the Sun."

THEATRICAL REGISTER,

FOR 1804.

Monday evening, 22d October.

This evening our Theatre decorated and painted in a most splendid style was opened for the season, with the sterling comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, by Colman, with the after-piece of *Ways and Means*, a production of G. Colman, Jun. but which was not performed, owing to the non-arrival of Mr. Harwood—the *Village Lawyer* was substituted in its place. The performances of the evening went off with considerable eclat, notwithstanding the disadvantages occasioned by the absence of a principal performer.

Wednesday evening, 24th October.

George Barnwell, (Lillo) and Rosina, (Mrs. Brook)



Married,

On Thursday evening last, Mr. James R. Manley, to Miss Eliza Post, both of this city.

On Friday evening last, Mr. John Duer, esq. to Miss Anne Bunner.

At Fulham, near London, August 21, Lord Viscount Ranelagh, nephew to the brave General MONTGOMERY, who fell at Quebec, to Miss Stephens, daughter of Sir Philip Stephens, one of the Lords Commissioners.

At New-Brunswick, on Monday last, Mr. Robert Robertson, of this city merchant, to Miss Maria Caldwell, of New-Brunswick.



Died,

At New-Orleans, Mr. Alexander Somerville, late merchant of this city.

On Saturday morning last, William Henry Pelor, Son of Captain George Pelor, Aged 4 years, 1 month and 24 days.

Meet for the fellowship above,
He heard the call, "Arise my love,"
"I come," his dying looks replied;
And lamb-like, as his Lord he died.

NO. 417,

PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.

SAMUEL MOOR'S

Evening Tuition for Young Ladies, will commence on the 15th inst. For particulars apply as above.

ROOMS TO LET, IN BROAD-WAY.

The upper part of the house No. 112, nearly opposite the City-Hotel—also the Store below, either separate or together. Apply on the premises.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

Tickets in whole, halves, quarters, and eights, in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature No. III. for sale by

JOHN TIEBOUT No. 238, Water Street

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 408 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.



A SUBLIME ODE TO THE GREAT CONSUL.

[BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.]

MOST gallant, noble BONAAPARTE,
For our invasion all to hearty,
Equipping millions to come over
To eat Old England at a meal,
I guess that thou wilt land at Deal,
Likewise near Thames's mouth and Dover.

Remember that the historic page
Records, that in his tiger rage,
Thy brother ALEXANDER, spar'd the Arts;
He never PAINTER kill'd, nor BARD,
But loaded them with fair reward,
Instead of stones, and pikes, and darts.

And when he came to Thebes! what then?
Why then—he ordered all his men
To spare the sacred house of Pindar;
And not, amidst the conflagration,
Wild uproar, and devastation,
Reduce it to a perfect cinder.

'Twas done—the house with all its handsome tackling,
Stood safe & sound, while all the rest were crackling.
Consul!—a BARD of much renown,
By far the best of this fair town, or rather CITY;
A herd of genius most sublime,
Whose works defy the teeth of TIME;
Exceeding humorous too, and quaint and witty;
Wishes to have his goods and chattels
Safe from the ruin of thy battles.

Yes! 'mid the fire, and smoke, and another,
Copy thy little wry-neck'd BROTHER.
And thou shalt be immortal in my verses:
Say—"Since the son of Philip spar'd
The dwelling of the Theban Bard,
By heaven I'll spare his English cousin PINDAR'S."

POSTSCRIPT.

Mind!—in thy face I never spit
Like GAMBELLE, WINDHAM, BILLY FITT,
And servile Porcupines—their tools;
None for I blush'd for all the squad,
Thinking them either drunk or mad,
And call'd them all a pack of rogues.

DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD FARM.

FROM 'THE PEASANT'S TALE,' A
RURAL POEM.

By W. HOLLOWAY.

FEW years are past, since, on the paddock green,
Beneath the hill, the old Farm House was seen,
Round which the barley-mows and wheatricks rose,
And cattle sought refreshment and repose.
The cock, proud marching with his cackling train,
Sought the barn-door, to pick the scatter'd grain;
The trotting sow her spotted offspring led,
And gobbling turkeys rear'd their crimson heads.
The mistress there, and blooming daughters drest
In russet stuffs, their new-made cheeses prest,
Summon'd the swains the full repast to share,
And rais'd their poultry with assiduous care,
From whose increase their private fortune grew,
Their ancient right, and still acknowledged due;
While in the fields young master held the plough,
Form'd the square load, or trod the fragrant snow:
Familiar still, he crack'd the ready joke,
And sure applause attended all he spoke.
For change, sometimes, with unremitting care,
He led his healthful stock to pastures fair,
Along the green-woods verge would guard the fold
From crafty foxes and marauders bold;
The helpless lambs, with tender toil, would guide
To sheltering bush, or hay-stack's sunny side;
In herbs and simples he was skill'd full well,
He taught their virtues crude disease to quell;
And, on the festive eve of wheating heard
His praise proclaim'd, his noblest, best reward!
By rain confin'd, the sounding flail he plied,
Nor scorn'd the meanest lab'rer by his side.
All day the rustic clamour fill'd the air,
And health, content, and cheerfulness were there.

THE SEAMAN'S HOME.

O YOU, whose lives on land are pass'd,
Who keep from danger's roar seas aloof;
Who careless listen to the blast,
Or hearing raise upon the roof;
You little heed how seamen jam,
Condemn'd the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes when breakers vex the tide,
He takes his station on the deck;
And now fast'd o'er the vessel's side,
He clears away the cumbering wreck—
And while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home.

Still fresher blows the midnight gale,
"All hands, reef topsails," are the cries;
And the dark clouds the heavens veil,
Aloft, to reef the sail, he flies;
In storms so rending down'd to naught,
The ocean is the seaman's home.



N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London,
at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quitesmooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact as pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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